

Industrial Development of the South.

No one circumstance pertaining to the history of the past more strikingly illustrates the extent of the resources of the country and the energy of its population than the recent industrial development of the south. In 1865 this section of our country found itself, as the result of four years' war entirely prostrate, without industry, without tools, without money, credit or crops; deprived of local self-government, and to a great extent of all political privileges, the flower of its youth in the hospitals, or dead upon the battle-fields, with society disorganized, and starvation imminent or actually present. But the year 1868, the third year of the free-labor experiment, brought an improvement. The harvest was sufficiently abundant to furnish the people with cheap food and to produce a large surplus for the future and for export, while the value returned from the sale of the exportable product of that year, in the form of cotton, grain, sugar, tobacco and naval stores, and the like, was large enough to lay a solid foundation for future success. That result of effort and industry brought to the people of the south, before so enfeebled, poor and discouraged, a large measure of strength and prosperity. Since that day it has restored and built railways; it has enriched the soil and increased the quality and quantity of the great staple per acre, through the extensive use of fertilizers and improved tools and implements; it has multiplied that distributor of comforts and necessities—the country store; it has built manufactories, and is attaining a truer independence than could ever have been purchased through a victory at arms.

The supply of labor in the south has not been sufficient to meet the demand of its new and various industries; population is needed and advantages to the immigrants are multiplied. To doubt that such a supply cannot be obtained is to doubt that the influences which have heretofore proved sufficient to control human action and direct the movement of population will continue to operate. But supposing the labor and population of the south to remain for many years as it is, and the circumstances attending production and development to be only moderately favorable, the south gives fair promise of deriving annually a greater amount of active surplus capital as the results of its industry than any other section of the Union, and of thereby attaining to a degree of prosperity, which will enable its population to become large consumers of the products of other states and countries. This in turn must tend to increase the general prosperity of the whole country, and to extend trade and commerce within its borders.

Furthermore the large amount of capital that has become annually available at the south, and, in large part, been invested in local and domestic enterprises, and in the establishment of manufactures on an extensive scale. True diversity of employment has become to the south, for the first time, possible; and southern capital can be advantageously applied to the manufacture of agricultural tools and implements, leather, wagons, wooden ware, soap, starch, clothing and similar materials. They employ the largest amount of labor in proportion to product and capital, and warrant the payment of high wages.—*United States Economist.*

The Emperor of Brazil.

The Emperor's equipage and retinue are not very imposing. He is a plain man and does not care for splendor. Moreover, the country is as yet undeveloped and the government poor; consequently, it cannot afford much show. His majesty rides in an ordinary black coach, which, in point of style, would scarcely compare favorably with a street hack in an American city. The vehicle is drawn by six mules, and is followed by twelve cavalry soldiers, mostly negroes, and some of them smoking cigars. The coachman wears some poor silver lace on his hat and coat-cuffs, and the footmen are equally poorly attired. Amidst these signs of poverty and meek-splendor, which attest either the weakness of his government or the parsimony of his parliament, one is irresistibly compelled to respect the mildness, wisdom and benignity of the Emperor. He wears the plainest of black clothes, bows in return to all who bow to him, and even lifts his stove-pipe hat off when some gentleman approaches him with the like mark of politeness. He looks much older than when he visited our country six years ago. I fancy he has a dejected look, as though, after trying in vain to bring his people to a sense of their backwardness, as compared with the more progressive nations which he had visited in North America

and Europe, he had given up all hope of success. But this country was originally colonized in a peculiar way. It was a mistake of Portugal to believe that Brazil would be settled all the more rapidly if it were parceled out into great estates (fazendas); and consequently all political power fell, centuries ago, into the hands of the fazendeiros; and there it remains still. Holding this power they refuse to permit the imposition of land taxes and cause the revenue to be extorted from the various incidents of commercial activity, which are thus stifled in their birth. By the stifling of these incidents all progress is retarded.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How Senator Jones is Said to Have Won a Pile at Poker.

George L. Waters, the colored janitor of the city hall, related an incident to-day to our reporter concerning a big poker game in which Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, was a player. Waters had been in the employ of certain congressmen around the capitol at Washington for many years, and his statement may be accepted as true. It was several years ago, before the millionaire had become thoroughly posted in the ways of Washington society. Almost before he had thoroughly warmed his seat in the senate he was introduced into the District Club, of which Boss Shepherd was a prominent member. Poker at that time was the prominent recreation of the club, and Jones was introduced to take a hand. Although a good poker player, he retired from the game a loser to the amount of \$70,000. The Senator, having a few silver mines at his back for pocket money, was game, and did not allow the least expression of chagrin or distrust to escape him. The next morning he telegraphed to one of the most expert card sharps in Virginia City. Eight days afterward the gambler arrived in Washington, dressed in a very expensive suit of clothes and sporting a small fortune in the way of diamonds. Jones introduced him to the club as a mining millionaire from Nevada, and the star route frauds and navy yard thieves immediately made arrangements to pluck him. He accepted an invitation to play. The stakes ran high, and the spurious millionaire was well supplied with Jones' money. At the end of the tournament the stranger rose from the table the winner of \$300,000 of the club. It was a severe blow to the ringsters, but they made the people of the United States pay it back to them indirectly and in short order. Jones divided the swag with his friend, and never set foot in the club-room again.

How a Rat Shut Off Forty Electric Lights.

A peculiar incident occurred on Saturday night, at the store of Willoughby, Hill & Co. The firm use a large number of electric lights in their building, and on Saturday night it has always been their custom to close at precisely 11 o'clock, when the electric lights are turned off simultaneously by the stopping of the engine. Saturday preceding Christmas the house at nearly 11 o'clock was crowded with customers, and it was determined to keep open a little later than usual. However, precisely at 11 o'clock, when the store was crowded with people, the light was suddenly turned off and all were left in utter darkness. As rapidly as possible the gas-jets were lighted and everybody looked, surprised, none more so than the members of the firm. One asked the other if he had ordered the lights turned off, but no one in authority had given such an order. The engine was running as rapidly as usual, and the dynamos were working elegantly when an investigation was made, still no electric light was visible above. A stench of burning flesh came up near the machinery, but no one seemed to be able to trace its origin.

Finally, in looking under the dynamo, there stood a rat, with one leg raised up as if about to take another step, motionless. The rat was dead and rooted to the spot. He had leaped or stepped first on one of the copper conductors underneath the brush, and in stepping on the other closed the current so that it passed through his body, killing him instantly, the rat remaining nailed to the spot, while the entire current from a forty-light Brush machine passed through him and prevented it from ascending above. The machinery was stopped, the rat taken off, and then everything was all right again, for when the machinery was again started the lights burned as well as usual.

She went into the shop to buy some toilet soap, and while the shopman was expatiating on its merits about made up her mind to purchase, but when he said it would keep off chaps she said she didn't want that kind.

The Thumpers.

St. Louis Republican.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, received from Jem Mace in San Francisco to-day a telegram in which the pugilist says:

"I send this dispatch to let you know that I have taken up my quarters at Patsey Hogan's Palace hotel with the big one. His name is Herbert A. Slade and he is an Australian by birth. He stands 6 feet 2 1/2 inches in height, and when in fighting condition weighs over 200 pounds. I think he will be a good match for Sullivan or any other man. Although I am now in my fifty-second year, I am still champion of the world with the gloves, and would only be too happy to have a trial with John L. Sullivan, the American wonder, especially as you state there is so much money to be won by beating him. He must be a great pugilist if he knocks me out in four rounds. I have sent a letter by mail, with full particulars, and I call your attention to my companion Slade. I wish you would make no arrangements until you receive my letter."

Mr. Fox was asked if he had made any arrangements in regard to Jem Mace.

"Yes," he replied, "I have sent word for Mace and his party to give an exhibition in San Francisco and come on to New York at the expiration of two weeks. I have received offers from two railway lines to bring the party on and have taken the best offer and sent on four tickets, and when they arrive we will make a match, if possible to fight John L. Sullivan for any amount."

The reporter found John L. Sullivan at Wm. Bennett's surrounded by Bob Farrell, Peter McCoy, Mike Moran, Joe Coburn, Jas. Dugrey, Samuel White, Steve Dubois and other well known sporting men. He said: "I will fight Mace if I have to, but would rather fight the younger man (Slade), as there would be more credit in it. Mace, according to his own say, is 52 years of age. I will box Mace, and agree to stop him in four rounds easily. If Mr. Fox, after two years' looking around, thinks he has found the man to whip me, I will fight him for \$5,000 a side to accommodate him, but would rather have it \$10,000 a side. I care nothing for the title of champion of the world, as Mace claims, but am satisfied with that of champion of America."

Where Hurricanes are Generated.

New York Maritime Register.

Captain A. W. Jeffrey, commander of the British steamship *Ptolemy*, who has made meteorology a special study during his life and who is now engaged in making regular observations on board his ship for his own government and the signal service of the United States, has been lately looking into the causes which produce West India hurricanes. Captain Jeffrey advances the theory that future investigation will show that the prime disturbing power is located far to the eastward of where the storm bursts on the surface of the globe and sweeps to the westward, causing so much destruction to commerce. Captain Jeffrey has watched closely the movements of the upper clouds in the equatorial latitudes for years and finds that the upper currents are disturbed far to the eastward of true hurricane development. He traces the cause of immense tropical heat poured down on the African deserts, whereby vacuums in the atmosphere are formed by the hot air rising; the air expands and flows off laterally; the equilibrium of the mass is disturbed and drifts to the westward with the currents growing in size and obtaining more energy until the lower currents intermingle and a hurricane is formed. The captain has forwarded to General Hazen, chief signal officer of the army, a communication on the subject giving facts and figures in detail.

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